

THE AMARANTH.

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THE MUSES' COLUMN. THE STORY-TELLER.

Original.

Life.

SAY, what is life? Ask ye the child,
Whose merry laugh so free, so wild,—
Whose eye so fiery, or so mild,
Bespeaks the soul within.
Ask ye the youth who's sported long
Where earthly pleasures ever throng;
Where mirth, and revelry, and song
Each passing hour begin.

Ask ye that one in manhood's prime,
Who long has braved the toils of Time—
And travelled much in every clime;—
Oft toss'd upon the billow.
Ask ye the hoary-headed sage,
Who oft has cou'd the sacred page;
Whose precepts cheer his drooping age,
And smooth his dying pillow.

They all reply, a fitful dream,—
A bubble on Time's rolling stream,—
A meteor, whose transient gleam
Scarce lights the darkness 'round.
'Tis as a plant of fragile form,
Which rears its head at early morn,
And which the wild careering storm
Casts quickly to the ground.

'Tis as a vapor which appears
A moment 'mid the flight of years—
A sunny smile succeeding tears,
Which sorrows drive away.
'Tis as a cloud, which passing by,
Doth gently float along on high,
Which soon doth vanish from the sky,
As fades the sun-set's ray.

'Tis as a dew-drop, sparkling bright,
When dawns Aurora's rosy light,
Which vanishes long ere 'tis night,
Leaving no trace behind.
'Tis as a thought, a happy thought
Of pleasures now almost forgot;—
Some sacred joys to mem'ry brought,
Soon gliding from the mind.

O, such is life, a passing breeze,
Which plays at eve among the trees,
A moment fans the watery seas,
And then is gone forever.
We'll soon resign our fleeting breath,
And slumber in the arms of death;
For Truth's unerring voice thus saith,—
A voice that speaketh ever.

Savannah, Ohio.

J. W. R.

Selected.

Advertisement of a Lost Day.

MRS L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Lost! lost! lost!
A gem of countless price,
Cut from the living rock,
And grave in Paradise.
Set round with three times eight
Large diamonds clear and bright,
And each with sixty smaller ones,
All changeful as the light.
Lost—where the thoughtless throng
In fashion's mazes wind,
Where trilleth folly's song,
Leaving a stain behind;
Yet to my hand 'twas given
A golden harp to buy,
Such as the white-robed choir attune
To deathless minstrelsy.

Lost! lost! lost!
I feel all search is vain;
That gem of countless cost
Can ne'er be mine again:
I offer no reward,
For till these heart-strings sever,
I know that heaven-trusted gift
Is left away forever.

But when the sun and land
Like burning scroll have fled,
I'll see it in His hand,
Who judgeth quick and dead;
And when of scathe and loss
That man can ne'er repair,
The dread inquiry meets my soul,
What shall it answer there!

KATE DARLINGTON.

A TALE OF MERRIE ENGLAND.

BY MISS AUGUSTA BROWNE.

"KATE, my child, I want you to order your bridal dress without further delay. Sir Harry will leave for London in less than a fortnight, and he desires to take his bride with him."

"I had hoped, my dear father, that, ere this, you would have been convinced of the inexpediency of this marriage. Knowing, as you do, that I can never love Sir Harry, I am surprised to find you persisting in making me his wife."

"You are a foolish, undutiful girl, Kate. Sir Harry is wealthy, I believe, and a most capital fellow to ride after the hounds. Were I in your place, I would be proud of his notice."

"But his wealth and sportsman-like abilities can never make me happy."

"I see how it is, Kate. Your head has been turned by that popinjay captain you met last summer at Lemington. But you need not flatter yourself that I will give you to him."

"If you would allow yourself to see him, my dear father, perhaps you would think more favorably of him."

"If the puppy should ever have the effrontery to show his face here, I would not hesitate to order one of my servants to kick him out of the house. The impertinent jacknape! to make love to my daughter without my permission."

"Remember, father, you refused him an audience when he wanted to ask your approbation of his suit."

"Well, well, you must think of him no more. My wish is to see you well provided for; and the present opportunity to give you a noble fellow for a husband must be embraced. You will therefore do as I have directed, and prepare yourself in a becoming manner for the nuptials."

Squire Darlington was blunt in his manners, and obdurate in his purposes. His friendships were ardent, and his animosities almost inveterate. For some reasons, perhaps unknown even to himself, he had conceived a violent attachment to Sir Harry Wentham, a baronet, whose years were little less than two score, and whose accomplishments did not reach beyond the sound of the hunting horn, or the reach of the wine bottle. Sir Harry was a frequent guest at the Hall, and professed a strong affection for Kate, hoping by a union with her to repair his fortune, which a long career of recklessness had sadly shattered. The squire was delighted with the prospect that gleamed ahead. He smiled upon the suit of the baronet; and when he was formally refused by Kate, the squire vowed he would "bring her to her senses and she should accept him after all." And well he tried to keep his word, as we have already seen.

When it was rumored through the neighborhood that Kate was about to be sacrificed by her relentless parent, every body was indignant; the women gave vent to expressions of pity and sympathy, and the men clenched their fists, and showered fearful imprecations upon the heads of the squire and baronet. The servants at the Hall looked upon Sir Harry as a monster in human form, who had come to drag their young

mistress into a captivity, which they could not contemplate without horror. Some of them thought their master must have been insane, for they could not understand why a man in his senses desired to marry his only daughter to a person she detested. "Master does not see Sir Harry in his true ugliness," said another. "Ever since his last sickness he has been near-sighted. That's the reason he can't see like her."

Kate Darlington never suffered herself to be made miserable by brooding over the idea of wedding Sir Harry. In obedience to her father's commands, she rode to town and ordered her dresses; and yielded to all his suggestions, in arranging the preliminaries for the nuptials. The squire, delighted with the unlooked-for docility of his daughter, recovered his habitual good humor, and congratulated himself upon the promising aspect of his cherished plans.

The day appointed for the solemnization of the nuptials at length arrived. The squire, as was his custom, rose early, and was about to take his morning ride, when he was startled with the intelligence that Kate was missing. A grand council of the household was ordered, but no one could tell what had become of the young lady.

"I venture to say," observed Sir Harry, "that Miss Darlington has gone to some Gretna over the border."

"To Gretna! With whom?" thundered the squire. "Very probably with Captain Rodney, her favorite."

"What! with that popinjay who turned her head at Lemington? I'll disinherit her, as sure as my name is Ralph Darlington!"

"He has the bride now—fortune or no fortune."

"Sir Harry, we will make instant pursuit!—Jarvis, order four of the primest horses to be saddled, and direct two of the grooms to prepare to go with us."

"It would be well for us to go well armed," suggested Sir Harry. "I know Rodney; he is an active fellow, and brave as a lion."

"Were he as brave as twenty lions, I will make him lick the dust, and beg for mercy!—Come, Sir Harry; we have no time to lose. Let us be on the wing."

In five minutes the squire and the baronet, attended by two stout men, leaped into their saddles, and hastily rode off on the great northern road. The servants who witnessed their departure, somehow forgot to wish their enterprise success.

The sun had descended low in the horizon, when a carriage, with two outriders, arrived at a cottage inn on the highway, in the northern part of Cumberland. The wayfarers entered the house, and ordered a repast, during the preparation of which, they occupied a neat little drawing-room, fronting upon the road. This travelling party consisted of Captain Charles Rodney, Miss Kate Darlington, two Misses Rodney, and Captain Grant,—the latter a warm friend of Rodney's. The ladies occupied the coach in travelling; and the two gentlemen accompanied it on horseback.

The Misses Rodney—two lovely sisters of the captain—were equipped in elegant travelling dresses, of fashionable make; but Kate, as well as the two gentlemen, was in disguise.

Miss Darlington was dressed in male apparel—being habited in a suit of fine black cloth, made strictly in the mode. As if aware that her tall, majestic figure was well adapted to such a costume, she ventured upon a close-bodied, or dress coat; and the neatness of its fit might well have excited the envy of the beaux.

Her hair was ingeniously dressed, and a glossy black beaver surmounted her head. The clerical solemnity of her dress was judiciously relieved by a waistcoat of delicate buff cassimere, made single-breasted, with a standing collar, and decorated with an ample row of flat, mirror-like gilt buttons. A neat diamond pin glittered among the crimp cambric on her breast; and a rich gold safety-chain hung suspended across her waistcoat. Her disguise was so complete, that a stranger would not have dreamed she was a woman. Her dress, in its minutest detail, was in excellent taste; though, it must be confessed, it would have suited a groom better than a bride.

Captain Rodney was dressed like an old man. His silvery wig denoted an age not less than sixty years; and his broad hat, snuff-colored coat of immense proportions, dimity small clothes, and white waistcoat, with tarnished buttons, seemed to belong to a generation past and gone. His friend, Captain Grant, wore a common livery dress.

Such was the eloping party. The disguises were assumed to facilitate their escape, and so far each had acted his part well. They had already travelled a distance of sixty miles, and entertained a strong hope of reaching the border in two hours' travel. They were all in high spirits; and Kate paced up and down the room, her thumbs thrust in the arm-holes of her vest, with an air of stateliness that would have reflected honor upon the first Brummel in the kingdom.

Having hastily refreshed themselves, the ladies were escorted to the carriage. The innkeeper was officious in his attentions; and his blue-eyed daughters ran to the door to take a last look at the "bonnie young man," and to feast their eyes once more upon the charming gilt buttons of Miss Darlington's waistcoat. Kate, bean-like, kissed her hand to the blushing damsel as the carriage rattled from the door.

Captain Rodney and his friend remained behind a few minutes to adjust some defect in the saddle girth, and before they were ready to mount, a horseman rode up at full speed. Rodney recognized the face of Squire Darlington, from having once seen him at Lenington Palace.

"My good friends," said the squire, "I am in pursuit of my daughter, who has run away with Captain Somebody of the army. They cannot be very far ahead."

"Are you certain they have passed this way?" inquired the captain.

"Likely enough; this is the straight road to the border. I have ridden like John Gilpin since six o'clock this morning—ran away from three good-for-nothing fellows who set out with me—and I am resolved to keep on until I find the runaways."

"Possibly, my dear sir, we may be able to render you some assistance," observed the captain, as he and his friend vaulted into their saddles.

"Here is my hand, sir," exclaimed the squire. "I have not the pleasure of knowing your name, but I dare be sworn you are a gentleman."

"It happens quite singularly," subjoined the captain, "that I myself am bound to Scotland on a matrimonial adventure;—"

"Indeed!"

"And as our road is the same as yours, we may as well travel in company."

The three equestrians now gave spur to their horses, and dashed up the road. Rodney was not entirely prepared for the sudden visitation of Squire Darlington; but he was glad to hear that the rest of the pursuing party had been left far behind. What turn the adventure would now take he was unable to conjecture; but he depended upon his military genius to conduct it to a happy issue.

"My good friend," said the Squire, suddenly, "what is that on the hill ahead of us? It looks like a carriage; but my eyesight is so short that I cannot make it out."

"You are right," replied Rodney; "it is a carriage." Then let us push along with might and main; for, on my soul, I believe it contains the runaways."

"The carriage, I think, is mine, sir; but to ease your mind we will ride up and see what it contains."

"Spur up then, all of us! Let us see whose nag has the lightest heels."

The chase lasted nearly an hour. When the horsemen came up with the vehicle, Rodney made a significant sign to the ladies, which they instantly comprehended, and were relieved from alarm. The squire looked into the carriage, glanced at each of its inmates in turn, but did not for a moment suspect that the fitful flashing of a row of gilt vest buttons, which at once caught his eye, was caused by the palpitating bosom of his trembling daughter.

"It's a wrong scent," muttered the squire, who was prone to quote fox-hunting phrases; "so if you please, we will gallop on in hopes of better luck."

The Captain, having passed a few words with the ladies as he rode by the side of the carriage, immediately obeyed the squire's request, leaving Captain Grant to ride along with the vehicle.

"The fox has escaped!" said the squire, as he strode into the inn. "I never had so long a chase with such an unprofitable result."

"You have certainly performed a great journey," said Rodney.

"The runaways," continued the squire, "are married by this time, I dare be sworn. I grant they have managed the affair cleverly. Poor Kate! she was always an excellent girl. She never disobeyed her father but in this instance. Her lover is a stranger to me; I never saw him in my life; but I judge from the cleverness of his retreat to-day, that he is not the worst man in the three kingdoms. Perhaps I shall forgive Kate after all—especially since I have learned that Sir Harry is a poor, meanly-mouthed son of a tinker, who knocks under after a ride of forty miles or so, over the finest road in the north country."

"If your daughter unites herself to a worthy man, she ought to receive your forgiveness."

"Well, well; I shall not bind myself to forgive the saucy mix; but I will think about it. You mentioned something, I believe, about a matrimonial adventure of your own?"

"As soon as the carriage comes up, sir, the ceremony will take place. My bride is quite a young lady, with a disposition exceedingly eccentric; she is full of vagaries, and one of the oddest of them is her determination to be married in male attire."

"Very odd, really!"

"A person with gray hairs like myself, ought not, perhaps, to think of matrimony. The affair on hand, however, is one of family policy; and for reasons not necessary to be recounted, we are compelled to be married on the wrong side of the border."

"Well, well, I wish you joy with all my heart."

The carriage now made its appearance, and the ladies were ushered into a little apartment styled the parlor. The hymeneal priest being at his post, the ceremony suffered no delay. Rodney and Kate stood up before the bewildered functionary, who at first hesitated to consider Kate an eligible subject for a wife; and Squire Darlington was called in to give away the bride.

The complete disguise of Kate, the shortness of the squire's vision, and the imperfect light in the room, combined to preserve her incognito during this trying ordeal. The worthy squire performed the important part allotted to him in admirable manner; and it was only at the conclusion of the rites, when the functionary made formal mention of the names of Charles Rodney and Catharine Darlington, that the old gentleman comprehended the true position of affairs.

"Will you forgive us, my dear father?" asked Kate, sinking on her knees before him.

"Kate, you have joined a conspiracy to make your old father look ridiculous! I have half a mind to renounce you forever; but—"

"Oh, say that you forgive us!" persisted Kate.

"Well, well; I forgive you on condition that you never run away again, and that you throw away that dandy suit by the time the honey-moon expires. And you sir, Captain Charles, I forgive you on condition that I like you after seeing you with your disguise removed. Meanwhile we will make ourselves happy."

Next morning the whole party returned to Darlington Hall. The squire was delighted with his son-in-law. Kate is one of the happiest wives in the world, and she carefully preserves her masculine bridal dress as a memento of the most blissful day of her life.

THE HUMORIST.

Selected.

Military Verdancy.

A NEWLY enlisted private and a veteran officer of the army met in the Barracks Yard on Monday. The green unsmiled, and with a "how are ye," offered his hand. The veteran stood stock still, upright, and with a frowning brow, said,—

"Give me the salute, sir!"

"The salute!" echoed the recruit, falling back in surprise. "I haint none to give you. Devil the one I've seen since I listed; unless you mean the bounty. If your strapped, old fellow, you can have half of that till your pay day comes."

The officer smothered his risibility, and went in search of the drill sergeant. It may safely be supposed that the recruit has discovered the difference by this time.

A Disappointment.

A COUNTRY lad went to London to see the king. On his return home, he was asked if the sight answered his expectations.

"Law!" said the clod hopper, "I was never so disappointed in all my life! Why, his arms are for all the world like the arms of us common men; and I wish I may die if I haven't heard a thousand times, that the arms of the king were a lion and a unicorn!"

A VERY small man, who is blessed with a very large wife, that, instead of looking up to him with admiration, is in the habit of looking down upon him with something akin to contempt, called her, yesterday in her presence, by way of a compliment, "my better half."

"Your better half," said she, with a disdainful toss of the head, "you had better say 'your best three-quarters,' you are not more than one-fourth of the joint concern, no how."

ON a recent rainy day Horn, the wag, was heard to exclaim—

"Well, my umbrella is a regular Catholic."

"Why so?" asked a bystander.

"Because it always keeps lent."

"YES madam, that is a crack article," said a store-keeper to his lady purchaser.

"Oh, mercy!" cried she, "if the thing is cracked I don't want it."

THE latest case of absence of mind is recorded of a lady, about to whip up some eggs for sponge cake, who whipped the baby, and sung Watts' cradle hymn to the eggs!

"John, is my coffee hot?"

"Not yet, massa—me spit in'm and he no sizzle."

THE AMARANTH.

"The only Amaranthine flower on Earth is—Virtue;
The only lasting treasure—Truth!"

To Correspondents.

THE favor by our ever welcome correspondent "SARAH," has been received, and shall appear soon.

"THE YOUNG MAN'S REVERRY" is respectfully declined. It has many faults, one of the greatest of which is its extreme length.

"OH THAT I WERE RICH," and "THE STORM," we have not had time to examine.

The Mightiness of Truth.

IT is a cheering thought, and full of promise, both for the moral and political world, that after all, the great and governing force which all ultimately obey is that of opinion—that the cause of truth and righteousness, cradled by the rough hand of persecution, and nurtured to maturity amid the terrors of fierce and fiery intolerance, is sure at length to overbear its adversaries—that contempt and cruelty, and the decrees of arbitrary power, and the fires of bloody martyrdom, are but its stepping-stones to triumph—that in the heat and hardihood of this sore discipline, it grows like indestructible seed, and at last forces its way to a superiority and a strength before which the haughtiest potentates of our world are made to tremble.

The Reformation by Luther, is the proudest example of this in history—who, with naught but a sense of duty and the energies of his own undaunted heart to sustain him, went forth single-handed against the hosts of a most obdurate corruption that filled all Europe, and had weathered the lapse of many centuries—who by the might of his own uplifted arm, shook the authority of that high pontificate, which has held the kings and the great ones of the earth in thralldom—who, with no other weapons than those of argument and reason, brought down from its peering altitude that old spiritual tyranny, whose head reached unto heaven, and which had the intrenchments of deepest and strongest prejudice thrown around its base.—When we can trace a result so magnificent as this to the workings of one solitary spirit, when the breast of Luther was capable of holding the germ or the embryo of the greatest revolution which the world ever saw—when we observe how many kindred spirits caught from it the fire of that noble inspiration by which it was actuated, and how powerfully the voice which he lifted up in the midst of Germany, was re-echoed from the distant extremities of Europe by other voices, Oh! let us not despair of Truth's omnipotence, and of her triumph; but rest assured that let despots combine to crush that moral energy which they shall never conquer, or to put out that flame which they shall find to be inextinguishable, there is now awakening abroad upon the world; and in despite of all their policy, the days of its perfect light and its perfect liberty are coming.

Sincerity.

WHEN the lips, cheeks and eyes speak the sentiments of the heart, we know where goodness dwells and virtue reigns. Without sincerity what is woman?—a painted sepulchre—a low deceit. She may win for a moment to degrade herself for the next.

Formy own part I consider nature without apparel—without disguising of custom or compliment; I give thoughts and words truth, and truth boldness. She, whose honest freeness makes it her virtue to speak what she thinks, will make it her duty to do what is good.

Neither praise nor dispraise thyself, thy actions will serve the turn.

THE MORALIST.

The Sabbath.

THE Sabbath of the Christian!—a day on which all the strife of human life should cease. It is a day of rest for the mind. The weary limbs, tired by the labors of the week, now require repose, and the restless mind, worn out with hard thoughts and midnight lucubration, should now relax its studies. "Remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy," is an injunction, alas! too much neglected in these days of mammon-worship.

Believing it may subserve a good purpose, we give below an account of the Creation, from the pen of poets, and "inspiration's page." A fitter theme for reflection on this day of rest, we think could not be suggested to the reader.

THE WORK OF CREATION.

"For chaos heard His voice; Him all His train
Followed, in bright procession, to behold
Creation, and the wonders of his might.
Then stay'd the fervid wheels, and in His hand
He took the golden compasses, prepared
In God's eternal store, to circumscribe
This universe, and all created things.
One foot He center'd, and the other turn'd
Round through the vast profundity obscure,
And said, thus far extend—thus far thy bounds—
This be thy just circumference, O World!
Thus God the Heav'n created, thus the Earth,
Of matter uniform'd and void."

In the beginning, God created the Heavens and the Earth. The Earth was then without form and void; but

"His brooding wings the spirit of God outspread,"
and moved with creative energy upon the face of the waters.

"Let there be light, said God; and forthwith light,
Ethereal first of things, quiescence pure
Sprang from the deep, and from her native East,
In journey through the airy gloom began,
Sphered in a radiant cloud."

In the simple yet more sublime language of the Holy volume, "God said let there be light, and light was," and he saw that it was good. He divided the light from the darkness, and called the former Day, and the latter Night. And the evening and the morning were the first day.

On the second day, God spake the firmament into existence, and divided the water that flowed under it from the water above, and He called it *Heaven*.

"So ev'n
And morning chorus sung the second day."

On the third day, God gathered together, into one place, the waters under the firmament, and caused the dry land to appear; and the dry land he called *Earth*.

"—And the great receptacle
Of congregated waters he called *Seas*."

At his prolific word, the Earth then brought forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind. And the evening and the morning were the third day.

On the fourth day, God illuminated the firmament with greater and lesser lights, to divide the day from the night, and to be signs

"For seasons and for days, and for circling years:"

On the fifth day, came forth, at the Almighty command, the moving creatures of the deep—the great whales, that lash to foam and tumult the ocean's deep—and the winged fowl—and God saw that it was good and blessed them, saying, be fruitful and multiply and fill earth and sea.

"—The waters thus
With fish replenished, and the air with fowl,
Ev'ning and morn solemnized the fifth day."

On the sixth day, ascending in the scale, the earth teemed with its hosts of living creatures, and the work of mere physical and animal creation having been thus far accomplished, the Omnipotent proceeded to the crowning work, the creation of Man—the won-

drous union of intellectual and moral nature with an animal machinery. "And God said, let us make man in our own image," and in His own image created He man, both male and female created He them. Thus closed the great work of Creation.

"Here finished He, and all that he had made,
Viewed, and behold, all was entirely good;
So ev'n and morn accomplished the sixth day
Yet not till the creator, from His work
Desisting, though unwearied in return'd,
Up to the Heav'n of Heav'ns, His high abode,
Thence to behold this new created world,
Th' additions of His empire, how it shew'd
In prospect from His throne, how good, how fair,
Answering his great idea."

Devotion.

THIS is a quality which the world least understands and most admires. There are many exhibitions of it which the world does not admire because it does not understand them. The devotion which stamps over the field of death amid the storm of iron and lead which beat like hail upon it, receives its homage. But the quiet devotion of fidelity, which undergoes its own trials, uncheered either by applause or the hope of it, is something of which the world is not worthy,—more heroic than *bravery*—and the noblest kind of *courage*. This is more often set forth in the career of women than men. In fact, the sublime courage of woman begins where man's ends.

Man pushes forward while the huzza rings in his ears, to the very cannon's mouth, but stops at the paper bulwark of *disgrace*.

Woman alone, generally speaking, faces obloquy, want of sympathy, the friendly sophistry which would make pleasure duty, and clings to them all. The crime, which turns away the charity of the world from its author, will not dismay the love of woman. The ignominy, which would cause a brother to be disowned by his brother, will not divide the wife from the husband, or the mother from the son. Weeping friends may gather around and show the madness of such self-resignation: the certainty of a dark uncomfortable future may stare her in the face: the cold maxims of the world may fall in a shower around her at every step—but woman's devotion triumphs; teaching the divinest lesson that humanity is ever permitted to teach. She turns away from all opposing influences of terror or of kindness to him, for whom she sacrifices so much. To him, her sublime language,—written on the pale, worn, but eloquent face,—is always this:

"Think'st thou I purposed to embark with thee
On the smooth surface of a summer's sea.
When the gentle breezes blow a prosperous gale
And fortune's favors fill the swelling sail,
And would forsake the ship, and make the shore,
When the storm whistles and the tempests roar?"

Humble Life.

THERE is a happiness in humble life—who can doubt it? The man who owns but a few acres of land and raises an abundance to supply the necessary wants of his family, can ask no more. If he is satisfied with his condition—and there are thousands so situated who are—no man is more happy. No political movement disturbs his repose—no speculative mania chases the calm serenity from his mind—no seisms in the church throw shadows beneath his golden sky. His family is the world to him; his little lot is all his care.

Who sighs not for such a life of calmness and serenity? Amid the cares and anxieties of business, who would not exchange his prospects and his honors for the repose of him who is contented and happy on his spot of ground, far from the noise and bustle, princely luxury, and squalid poverty of city life? If there is a situation congenial to the true spirit of man and the growth of virtue, it is amid the rejoicings of nature—in the calm retirement of rural life.

Think much, speak little, and write less.

LADIES' COLUMN.

A Sister's Love.

THERE is no purer feeling kindled upon the altar of human affections, than a sister's pure uncontaminated love for her brother. It is unlike all other affections; so disconnected with selfish sensuality; so feminine in its developement; so dignified, and yet without so fond, so devoted. Nothing can alter it, nothing can suppress it. The world may revolve, and its revolutions effect changes in the fortunes, in the character, and in the disposition of her brother; yet if he wants, whose hand will so readily stretch out as that of his sister? and if his character is maligned, whose voice will so readily swell in his advocacy?

Next to a mother's unquenchable love, a sister's is pre-eminent. It rests so exclusively on the tie of consanguinity for its sustenance; it is so wholly divested of passion, and springs from such a deep recess in the human bosom, that when a sister once fondly and deeply regards her brother, that affection is blent with her existence, and the lamp that nourishes it expires only with that existence.

In all the annals of crime, it is considered something anomalous to find the hand of a sister raised in anger against her brother, or her heart nurturing the seeds of hatred, envy, or revenge, in regard to that brother. In the affections of woman, there is a devotedness, and a depth, which cannot be properly appreciated by man. In those regards where the passions are not all necessary in increasing the strength of the affections, more sincere truth and pure feelings may be expected, than in such as are dependent upon each other for their duration as well as felicities. A sister's love in this respect, is peculiarly remarkable. There is no selfish gratification in its outpourings; it lives from the natural impulse; and personal charms are not in the slightest degree necessary to its birth or duration.

Woman's Place.

ON woman's first instructions to her offspring depend the government of families, the comfort of communities, and the welfare of states. Of every domestic circle woman is the centre. Home, that scene of purest and dearest joy, home is the empire of woman. There she plans, directs, and performs, the acknowledged source of dignity and felicity.

When female virtue is most pure, female sense is most approved, female deportment most correct, there is most propriety of social manners. The early years of childhood, those most precious years of life and opening reason, are confined to woman's superintendence, and she therefore may be presumed to lay the foundation of all the virtues, and all the wisdom that enrich the world.

Woman.

To a young man whose feelings are yet unblasted by worldly experience, there is a charm even in the most unimpassioned intercourse with the other sex—woman! To him how vast a charm is comprised in the narrow compass of the word. In this single abstraction, unconnected it may be with any individual reality, are united all his purest dreams of happiness, all his brightest conceptions of imaginary beauty—while no thought of grossness or sensuality comes to contaminate his fancy or heart. This is at once the portion and penalty of gray-haired debauchery, the wormwood, which mingled in the cup of pleasure, changes the sparkling contents of the goblet to bitterness and poison.

A FROWN lingering about a woman's glorious face, is like poison around the brink of a gushing fountain; it is a speck on the face of Nature's mirror; a harsh jangling of the celestial melody of the spheres.

Floral Vocabulary.

"Every flower doth on its face a mystic language bear."

Acacia, Yellow,.....	Concealed Love.
Acacia, Rose.....	Elegance.
Acacia,.....	Temperance.
Acanthus,.....	The Arts.
Aconite-leaved Crowfoot,.....	Lustre.
Agnus Castus,.....	Coldness without Love.
Agrimony,.....	Thankfulness.
Alysum, Sweet,.....	Worth and Beauty.
Althea Frutex,.....	Consumed by Love.
Almond,.....	Hope.
Aloe,.....	Bitterness.
Ambrosia,.....	Returned Affection.
Angelica,.....	Inspiration.
Amaranth,.....	Immortality.
Amaranth, Globe,.....	Unchangeable.
Angrec,.....	Royalty.
Anemone,.....	Frailty.
Apple-blossom,.....	Fame speaks him good and great.
Apocynum,.....	Falsehood.
Ash,.....	Grandeur.
Aspen Tree,.....	Sensibility.
Aster,.....	Beauty in Retirement.
Amaryllis,.....	Beautiful, but timid.
Auricula, Scarlet,.....	Pride.
Arum,.....	Ferocity and Deceit.
Asphodel,.....	My regrets follow you.
Bachelor's Button,.....	Hope in Misery.
Balsam,.....	Impatience.
Balm,.....	Social Intercourse.
Barberry,.....	Sourness.
Basil,.....	Hatred.
Beech,.....	Prosperity.
Blue Bell,.....	Constancy.
Bay Leaf,.....	I change but in dying.
Bay Wreath,.....	Reward of merit.
Betony,.....	Surprise.
Bindweed,.....	Humility.
Birch,.....	Gracefulness.
Black Poplar,.....	Courage.
Black Thorn,.....	Difficulty.
Borage,.....	Bluntness.
Broom,.....	Neatness.
Box,.....	Stoicism.
Buck Bean,.....	Calm Repose.
Burdock,.....	Importunity.
Buttercup,.....	Ingratitude.
Calla,.....	Feminine Modesty.
Calycanthus,.....	Benevolence.
Candy Tuft,.....	Indifference.
Canterbury blue bell,.....	Gratitude.
Cardinal's flower,.....	Distinction.
Carnation,.....	Disdain.
Catchfly,.....	Artifice.
Cedar Tree,.....	Strength.
Chamomile,.....	Energy in Adversity.
Cherry Blossom,.....	Spiritual Beauty.
Chestnut,.....	Render me Justice.
China Aster,.....	Variety.
China Pink,.....	Aversion.
Chrysanthemum,.....	Cheerfulness.
Clematis,.....	Mental Beauty.
Columbine,.....	Folly.
Coltsfoot,.....	Maternal care.
Coriander,.....	Concealed Worth.
Coreopsis,.....	Ever cheerful.
Cowslip,.....	Native Grace.
Crocus,.....	Youthful Gladness.
Crown Imperial,.....	Majesty.
Cypress,.....	Mourning.

To be Continued.

The days and nights allotted to human life, like a current down the sides of a mountain, pass away not to return.

Flowers.

How the universal heart of man blesses flowers! They are wreathed around the cradle, the marriage altar and the tomb. The Persian, in the far east, delights in their perfume and writes his love in nosegays; while the Indian child, in the far west, claps his tawny hands with glee as he gathers the abundant blossoms—the illuminated scripture of the prairies. The Cupid of the ancient Hindoos tipped his arrows with flowers, and orange buds are the bridal crown with us—a nation of yesterday.

Flowers garlanded the Grecian altar, and they hang in votive wreaths before the Christian shrine. All these are appropriate uses: They should deck the brow of the youthful bride, for they are in themselves a lovely type of marriage. They should twine around the tomb, for their perpetually renewed beauty is a symbol of their resurrection. They should rest on the altar, for their fragrance and their beauty ascend in perpetual worship before the throne of the Most High.

Young Men.

THE most anxious moment in the history of a young man, is that moment when he forakes the parental roof, and goes forth into the wide world to seek a livelihood. The interests of a life is crowded into that period. The tears of a mother and the counsels of a father consecrate that eventful moment. Away from old associates, and settled in some new home, how apt the former restraints are to be cast off! The trial of virtue now comes. The test of principle is now applied. If he hold fast his integrity, the prayers of his father and mother, rising off when the still dews are falling, will bring blessings, thick as manna, down upon his path. But if he prove faithless, then will memory embitter his life, then will his parents welcome the grave, that they may hide their dishonor in the dust.

Aphorisms.

No persons are so extravagant as those who live on other people's money.

Education begins a gentleman, conversation completes him.

A man may as well expect to be at ease without wealth, as happy without virtue.

A hypocrite pays tribute to God, that he may impose upon men.

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